

The Prodigal Angel

Chapter One

Rachel drummed her fingers on her desk and sighed. Her teacher, Ms. Mercy, had just handed out the weekly spelling test and was giving the class their instructions. But Rachel's thoughts drifted onto more important things, and Ms. Mercy's voice faded away.

Rachel stared out the window, her chin in her hand. As much as she liked school and enjoyed time with her friends, she would like it better if she could visit the places she learned about in class.

If she could meet the people and practice what Ms. Mercy taught them.

If she could be the Guardian Angel she was meant to be and not just learn about it.

Rachel wished with all her heart for a chance to show Ms. Mercy and her friends she was ready.

Learning was fun, but not as much fun as she knew it would be seeing the different planets and

stars with her own eyes. She especially wanted to visit Earth.

Sometimes, when the clouds were as thin as the ribbons in her curly red hair, Rachel could see Earth.

Sometimes, when the breeze was exactly right, her nose tickled from the sweet smell of flowers and newly mown grass.

Her eyes sparkled from the sunshine.

Her ears thrummed from the music, the laughter, even the clang of bells and blare of horns.

Earth appeared to be as lively and exciting as Heaven.

What did spelling or arithmetic have to do with being a Guardian Angel?

Why did she need language lessons?

Rachel glanced at the clock above Ms. Mercy's desk and smiled. It was almost time for recess.

It was then she felt the paper under her fingers.

She had forgotten all about the spelling test!

Rachel scrambled through the test as best as she could until the bell rang.

On her way out of the door with her friends, Ms. Mercy stopped her.

“Why didn’t you finish your test?” Ms. Mercy asked, a slight frown on her otherwise kind face.

“Spelling is boring,” Rachel mumbled, her head bowed.

“Look at me,” Ms. Mercy said.

Rachel chewed her lip and stood straight.

“Did you forget to study?” Ms. Mercy asked.

“I know the words,” Rachel replied. “It’s just, I’m tired of all the learning. I want to go places, visit Earth.”

“You need school,” Ms. Mercy said. “You haven’t finished all of your lessons.”

“But I want to meet people, share their laughter. I want to help them now. I am ready to be a Guardian Angel. I just need a chance—.”

Ms. Mercy held up her hand. “You must be patient,” she explained. “You still have much to

learn before you can go on trips. When it is time, our Heavenly Father will let you know.”

Rachel groaned. Ms. Mercy didn't understand. Their Heavenly Father didn't understand. In fact, no one except Rachel really understood. In her heart, she knew she was ready.